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For The New-York Saturday Press
JUNE AND 1.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

In the shadow of your maple, one fair day of my own
June,
Laid I, watching through the branches the pearl-grey
moon.

I wandered towards the forest, on this day of glow-
ing June,
Vainly, weary, sullen-hearted, all out of tune.

For my pen had failed to serve me, and my ink was
naught but gall.

And I fancied so had parted, Love, once for all.

So, into the solemn forest went I, with a brain half
mad.

And to these rocks thickets wandered,—depressed and
sad.

To that moss beneath the maple I had come and flung
me down.

On that crisp turf of mosses so soft and brown.

All around me Nature slumbered in the quiet of the
wood.

And my soul, in every object, found Art's ripe food.

Lapped my dog from yonder brooklet, chirped a squirrel
from your tree.

And the birds from brake and bramble, waked melody.

Quivering glowed the air above me: deep as thought
was your calm sky.

Then in glimpses through the leaflets up there so high.

Then a wondrous pleasant calmness, and a touch of
that mild life.

Blending with my bosom's sadness, dispelled its strife.

And a mystic, dreamy quiet, came upon me gently
then.

Lying there, deep in the forest, apart from men,—
Came upon me as I hearkened to this merry little
brook.

Over rocks and pebbles purling, from fountain-nook,—
Now 'twixt mossy barriers winding, laughing gay its
wildest tune.

Now reflecting, like a lakelet, the pallid moon,—
With a trout in each dark corner, lurking wary for
its prey.

And a smile in each shallow, glad for the day:—
As I heard the hum of insects, saw them dancing in
the light.

As I caught the voiceless jargon of bird-delight:

As I saw the lady adder, royal in his jet and gold,
Stretch'd at length among the brambles to sun each
fold.

Chastened then, I softly murmured: "Cease, O grasp-
ing heart, thy yearn,

Here at least thy thirst, Hotspur thought darest not
burn:

"Lily as those faint blue vapors float about you dis-
tant hill,

Shall my Summer fancies wander vaguely, at will:

"Catch, O speckled fish, thy victim, I will ne'er do
harm to thee.

Chant thine ode, thou sad-loud nicker, it pleases me.

"Thoughts no more of mad ambition ever shall dis-
turb my brain,

Grasping, seething, tigerish anguish, I read thy
chain!"

Darling! 'twas that day I wrote you? "Do you, can
you love me still?"

And you answered: "you remember?" "And ever will!"

"Marian's Nest," Md., 1860.

For The New-York Saturday Press
ACEPHALA.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

[I know perfectly well what Plato says, in the Phædrus, that
every composition should have its proper beginning and ending.

"Zephyrus autem elevat puerum deus," but nevertheless,
who can wonder if, in this day when "Plato" is "all the
fashion," I should venture to hope that a series of headless papers may prove
not unacceptable to the general reader? In those times, when the
triumph of everything is republicanism, the old dogma that a head
is necessary in every matter, has received a fatal check—the
marchers revolt against a despotism proven to be no longer
requisite to good government, and have learned to assert their own
independence and individual efficiency. And, in accordance
with the tendency of recent books to establish the fact that
heads are by no means so necessary as was of old imagined.
Therefore, if there be no more drawback, I feel sure that the
acrophobic character of these papers will by no means prevent
them from being read.]

"Patience!" wrote Southey, in allusion to his en-
forced and ill-paid drudgery at literary ephemera: "It is,
after all, better than plodding in a stinking court of
law, or being called up to midnight to a patient; it is
better than being a soldier or a sailor, better than cal-
culating profit and loss on a counter—better, in short,
than anything but independence."

Assuredly, yes. And I am sure that Southey's hard-
earned \$300 per annum were more pleasant to him than
\$300 would have been, gotten through a profession, or
in any other uncongenial way. The sweat of the brow
is easy enough to contemplate and to endure, but
where the soul loathes, the eye sees all things through
a jaundiced medium, and the whole man is impregnate
with bile. Moreover, authorship can be made more
like to independence than any other possible pursuit,
and, if one only has in the beginning a bare support
outside of it, 'tis the most thankful to the soul of
all labors.

Charles Lamb's "Confession of a Drunkard" is simply
the morbid product of an excitable and sensitive
brain, wrought upon by the present shame of a recent
excess, as well as by the consequent headache and drows-

pepsy. It was a most ill-advised paper, and cruelly
misrepresents the "gentle Elia." Lamb may have
drunk too much at times, may have been overfond of
liquor, may even have got intoxicated repeatedly, but
he was in no sense of the word a Drunkard. He was
an upright, regular, honest man, and a high-souled
gentleman, who labored hard and intelligently, had a
clear consciousness of duty—and duty of the sternest
kind too, and did that duty on all occasions, without
rejoicing and without flinching. Now, the drunkard
may (and usually does) have a clear enough sense of
his duty and of his work, but he never does either.
He fails, from some moral weakness that cannot be
explained, unless we call it the result of the physical
action of liquor upon his system, one effect of which
is to uncover and bring to light whatever obliquity
may be natural and innate in him; failing, and con-
scious of the weakness and disgrace of failure, he whines
remorsefully, and flies again to his drink to bring on
forgetfulness and the oblivion of stupor, which, though
terrible to awake from, while it lasts has the power to
draw all moral consciousness. That is the drunkard
—and not in a single particular does Charles Lamb re-
semble him.

The mistake made by many of the early Christians,
the hermits of the African and Syrian deserts, the
monks and nuns, the pietists, and all other half-lacked
Puritan establishments, has been just this: They
sought to effect a moral reform, without applying also
for a physical and mental reform, which reform was
neither more nor less than an absurdity. Man is a
trinity of nature, but the bodies of this trinity are in-
separably united in man, if he be man, and a reform
directed towards the one part, without seeking to re-
form the others—indeed, ignoring these others, and
deifying them, as we find all these people to have done
—could have no other result than just what did pro-
ceed from it—most hideous and loathsome deformity.
So it happened that convents came in time to need for
their purgation remedies as violent as those which
blotted out the cities of the plain; so, miraculous
visions and disordered Malthusian laws; so, also, in our own land, Puritans wore scarlet robes,
persecuted Quakers, and burned witches for conscience-
sake. In consequence of this one-sided culture, we find
Gregory destroying what remained of Art in stern
and deplorable iconoclasm, and Omar burning Mesopotamia
in Alexandria. This impelled Luther to hurl his inkstand at the devil—made Anselmus and
Munsterius—taught Methodism to aim at the un-
derstandable perfection of faith, and to fall down in fits
of ecstasies—made Wesley a ghost-seer, and sent
Robert Hale to the mad-house. All of these people
were high-souled, well-meaning, had consciences, and
acted in stern obedience to them, like martyrs; but
their goodness was by no means God's goodness, and
God's goodness is alone safe for us to imitate.

"My knightly father! Death and Another are
closely pursuing me." (Fouquet's "Sinttram and his
Companions.") Your true artist is always able to bring
about his most powerful effects in the simplest way,
and by employing the most insignificant means. It is
by suggestion, not by any garish, palpable, and there-
fore offensive, presentation,—by the character and
power of the association, not by the visible, positive
nature of the thing itself,—that genuine works of art
attain their influence over the soul. True, there are
some few artists who have produced what is capable of
commanding us by their positive beauty and essential
superlativeness, seeking not, nor needing any further
source of power—as, for example, the *Iliad*, the *Parthenon*,
Titian's *Venus*, Milan Cathedral, Shakespeare's
"Tempest" (in parts) and "As You Like It," some
of Chaucer (but this is homely, and of inferior worth),
Spenser in his beauty-drunken moments, Claude Lorraine
and then, and Poussin (in "Ariadne"), Fra Angelico al-
ways, Giotto often, and Raphael sometimes. But generally,
your artist looks about him—does not seek to create
an interest entirely de novo, but finding one that
suits him (some ethnic association, it may be, some
common prejudice, some sentiment underlying all hu-
manity, some war-cry that can fire the whole world)—
tags that on to his plan, and incorporates it with his
work, by means of allegory, suggestion, allusion, or
something of the sort, and so makes of it a stalking-
horse, under cover of which he transfigures our emotion,
our ascent, our applause, our admiration, or our affec-
tion, with his keen Cupid's arrow. In skillful hands,
nothing is more powerful than the interest superadded
by suggestions of the mysterious or unholy, the super-
natural, the outre, or the bizarre. Hence the force
of the line above quoted. How immediately, when we
come to it in the text, are we thrilled into the very
emotion necessary to produce upon us the impression
ought to be produced by our author: how effectively
are our curiosity and interest awakened, and our desire
to grasp at the unattainable pondered into activity!

"Death and Another!" 'Tis wonderful, yet so ex-
tremely simple. Therein resides its artistic excellence.
It is in his use of this instrument of art that Coleridge
is especially powerful as a poet. "Christabel" owes its
force to this alone, while the "Ancient Mariner" is
choked with it. True, it is, when analyzed, mere arti-
fice, trick, clap-net; but a skillful employment of it
at once disguises and redeems it, and few artists have
either the ability or the courage to be entirely single-
minded, and entirely sincere.

In one respect, La Motte Fouquet is the most remark-
able writer I know:—more completely than any other
does he possess the faculty of interlarding himself and
his subject, and hence of mirroring his own soul in
his book. Not Peter Martyr the Chronicler, nor old
Fozz, nor Bunyan, nor even St. John himself, believed
more entirely in their themes: never did any writer
show more faith in, and pride and affection for, the
figures of his brain, than Fouquet evinces, throughout
"Undine," "Aslan's Knight," and "Sinttram." His
is the fairest example in all modern literature of the
genuine, old-fashioned, chivalrous spirit—the believing
and honest spirit of Homer, of Herodotus, of St. Mat-
thew, of Sir John Froisart, of Marco Polo, of Hakluyt,
of Buequelin, etc.—coupled, however, with the finest
soul, the keenest insight of the middle ages, the mystic
the esoteric element, and subjective of the innermost
spirit—to which we must also add a peculiar
Machado-Guyon-like mysticism that reminds us con-
stantly of Tennyson's Sir Galahad—the very nature
of these knights who gave their lives to the "Quest of
San Grail." Fouquet, however, betrays his reading.
"Sinttram" is in several places indebted to Goethe—e. g.,
from the "Eri-konig," where the knight and Rolf start
out from the lonely castle; and from the "Faust"—re-
peatedly, in the speeches and peculiar virtues and
frankish diabolism manifested by the Little Master. It
is most honorable to Fouquet that he should have so
borrowed, as he is thus enabled to give us a real and
constant devil, whereas others, fearing to be called
plagiarists, have sought to bring forth original fends,
and have instead presented us with mere lay-figures, or
with—fish-water.

Even granting that there is among men some such
thing as general unanimity with regard to a certain
few ideas concerning Beauty, the necessity for an al-
most entire diversity of tastes may be seen—and con-
sequently that diversity established—by a moment's
glance at the subject. Suppose, for example, that there
were one fixed, immutable, narrow standard of
female beauty, and that no man could detect loveliness
save exactly where and as his neighbor also saw it—
what a reduction alibi would the world would be!
Every township would have its Helen, and everywhere
would be renewed the bickerings of the Grecian chiefs
about that fair fruit that tipped Aphrodite's breast.
If there were no diversity of tastes, the present
economy of our globe could not be kept up—languages
and literatures would lapse into oblivion—traditions
rich and mossy would sink away like the burnished
orange of an evening sky—the very distribution of the
human race would be rendered impossible, since men
would constantly struggle to centre in, and take pos-
session of, the one spot decided to be preeminently
lovely, instead of the present prejudice which makes
the Lapp long as tenderly for his snow-burdened fire-
place as the Egyptian does for the waving palm tracing
its shadows over the Nile-mirror, and the Brahmin for
his banian grove. And so with a thousand other
things. Beauty itself would pass away—or at least
that chief charm of it which lives and moves and has
its being in variety. No. It is false to presume an
inevitable standard of Taste. There is, I believe, a
certain gift of faculty in men to discern that which
pleases them through the senses, coupled with an in-
stinct to seek after, yearn towards, and love and cherish
that pleasant thing,—but, "præterea," nihil. Our
tastes are our own, the peculiar taste of each individ-
ual, and as such, a thing entirely idiosyncratic; and
when we speak of "National Tastes," "Epochal Tastes,"
and the like, we mean to denote simply the extent of
certain generally-adopted systems of Education in bias-
ing minds, and it may be to some extent, in biasing
organs.

Bulwer's idea of using the headings to his chapters
in "What Will He do with It?" as the vehicle for moral
and philosophical aphorisms, has been much praised, and
it is undoubtedly deserved, but they are given him
credit for inventing the practice. Goldsmith resorted
to it long ago, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," and also,
if I remember aright, in his "Citizen of the World,"
where the headings are used as texts for the discourses
which follow. Some of the captions in the Vicar
are very fine, having a merit that Bulwer can lay no
claim to, viz: terseness and brevity. Many of them
embody an admirable philosophy such as most suited
Goldsmith's genial humor. There is nothing in them
to startle us; they branch no new paradoxes; they
plant no original ideas or notions; they do not seek
to attract us by force of surprise, and at the risk of
our disapprobation. But how pleasing they are,
how genial, how pervaded with that glowing touch
of nature which teaches us to feel kind heart-beats
with all humanity! And this, throughout all Gold-
smith's writings, is his peculiar art. Hence we never
only admire, but contract a personal regard and real
affection for him, and—apart from his faults, indeed
the better for all his faults—we come to love him well
and truly. Therein was the man's genius: the power of
exciting such feelings, and of giving impulse to such
thoughts, as would beget in the reader a sense of the
goodness of the thing itself, and of the utility of such
sentiments as spring up at the least of his words, as
"good Noll," and why? Because, first, Goldsmith is
all nature, sweet and glowing, and we know intuitively
that he himself feels every syllable that he writes;
whereas Bulwer is all art (and not of the highest
kind), and has never yet succeeded in hiding out his
pious bluster and his India-rubber, his file and his
pencil-stone. Second, because we feel and know that
Bulwer is impure himself, and intrinsically incapable
of doing more than coldly stimulating those warm and
natural impulses which governed Oliver's entire life.
Bulwer may very well be an enthusiast; he can fancy
the delirium of his imagination: we can conceive him
bowing down with genuine devotion at the shrine of
Intellectual Beauty, bursting into ecstasies in the pres-
ence of High Art, riding in sincere exultation of soul
up and down in the shaded alleys of his home park,
clad as a "Châleiro de Velours"; but we could never
conceive him playing his flute to the peasants of Fland-
ers for food and board, or strolling up and down Eu-
rope on foot, without a stiver in his pocket, and rely-
ing upon his face at once as passport and bank-book.
So, the one conceals admirers, the other attracts
friends.

Ninety-nine in every hundred readers lose more or
less of the full force of what they read. To some, the
tone of the subject-matter is unintelligible; to some,
the passion; some miss the rhythm; others are only re-
warded by a very faint impression of their author's
meaning, such as one has of a house seen from a rail-
road-car in motion, or of a chance face passed upon the
street. But in most cases the author does not reveal
his entirety to the reader, because either he reads too
carelessly and hurriedly—because there is a foreignness
about the one or the other to which the reader does
not deem it worth his while to become assimilated,
or else, from deficiency of culture, the point and force
of allusion, incident, example, etc., are entirely lost.
I judge it impossible for modern readers ever to know
the full force and beauty of Greek and Latin authors,
particularly the poets. We cannot, in the first place,
enter thoroughly into the spirit of the allusions—and
allusion, with its congener, argument from example,
is the blood of composition, without which it might
have form and substance, but could never enjoy the
healthy strength of life;—and secondly, not being
home-bred to the language, nor hearing it spoken, we
fail to appreciate thoroughly the delicate strength,
taste, and beauty of the ellipses, as we fall also entire-
ly to feel the force, the penetrating vigor, the sweetly
subtle music of the rhythm. In spite of all our
studies, we must lose this much, unavoidably, and
however great our rapture over this or that beauty,
however great our guesses at this or that perfection,
our knowledge, and especially our feeling—in the
aesthetic sense—of the constructive excellence and
formal beauties of the Ancient Classics can never reach
a higher degree than tentative and conjecture,
erected, a most frail superstructure, over and upon
what we consider the laws and right reason of com-
position in general.

And, in reading modern authors—English, I mean, and
more particularly the poets—it has often struck me with
how much more rest, and how much keener a sense of
appreciation, some persons are attracted to their works
than others—you and I, for instance, I believe, none but
our bootmaker, our tailor, or our butcher, or the man-servant
and maid-servant within our gates. Shakespeare has
two advantages for the general reader, over those pos-
sessed by most of his guild: first, he is waited on by a
locust-swarm of commentators, who leave scarce any
passage or word unexplained; and second, his great-
ness is of so magnificent a kind that he provides an un-
paralleled feast for those even who run as they read, and
do not comprehend above the tenth part of his
whole meaning—no cohort of that nighty marshing
Legion. But the more delicate touches and the sub-
tle ellipses and allusions of many of our poets are
entirely lost upon the great mass of readers, and I

have sometimes wondered that their audience is even
half so great as it really is. This is especially the case
with the less popular poets, such as Coleridge, Words-
worth, the Brownings, and others. (En passant, let me
remark that Shelley's darkness is not the fruit of brevity
and reticence, for he is verbose; but simply be-
cause he thought vaguely, and expressed himself both
obscurely and ungrammatically even, at times.) But
such poets as the Brownings, and Tennyson also to a
great extent, when read by those who are not students,
and who read away from the desk, ever require a com-
mentary: "In unum Delphinus" is the form in which
to publish their beauties to the broad world. For a
common reader to understand "Aurora Leigh," for
instance, would require that the notes should take up
more space than the poem, and even then it will take
a fortnight to read it with entire intelligence. Take
as an example, the concluding lines of the work:
Aurora and Romney are explaining things, and they
have talked on until the day begins to glimmer east-
ward far away—

"He turned instinctively, where, faint and clear,
I saw him in the distance, as if he were
The foundation of that sea, near that
Which should be built out of heaven, to God.
I saw his soul say, 'I am first, I am last,
And second, supreme, third, chairman.'
The rest is order—let us, anarchy!"

Now, the first time I read the poem, half the force
of the above was entirely lost upon me, simply because
I was too lazy to follow up the allusion and trace out
all its subtleties. I of course saw the general idea of
the author: that Romney Leigh, not being able to see
the glories of that present dawn, was turning his mental
sight towards Heaven, and feeding his soul upon
visions of the bright New Jerusalem. But if the reader
would see the heart of these lines, and comprehend
their vigorous and lovely significance, let him take his
title, and turn to the twenty-first chapter of Revela-
tion. There, in verse 11th, we find the New Jeru-
salem spoken of as "having the glory of God—and her
light was like unto a stone most precious, even
like a Jasper-stone, clear as crystal." In verse 18th—
"And the building of the wall of it was of Jasper; and
the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass." 19th—
"And the foundations of the wall of the city were
garmented with all manner of precious stones. The first
foundation was Jasper: the second, Sapphire; the third,
Chalcedony; . . . the twelfth, an Amethyst." Now
granting that those who read and run, have the
patience to pause and study all this out, it is at all
likely that they will go still further and probe down
to the esoteric meaning embodied in that pointed
close—

"—last, an anarchy!"
Honestly, I think not, and I have reason for my belief
in the fact that it was only after long study, that I my-
self came to a full sense of its thoughtful and profound
significance.

Mrs. Browning is, as all know, a thorough and deep-
read Greek scholar, and hence it will not seem a mere
commentary's refinement to suppose that when she
wrote she intended the full and etymologic force of the
expression. Throughout the poem Romney and Aurora
have been erring continually, going astray, per-
verting their gifts to noble but false uses, and suffer-
ing themselves to be blinded by pride and passion.
Their motives are grand, but they themselves, full of
selfishness, have been far too high-strung. They
could not have been so noble as to become perfect
in their gift theories; he with his reform of the
lowest classes, his philanthropy and communism, too
willing to break down the hedges of rank, and uproot
the whole social fabric; she, with her peripatetic woman's
pride, and her theory of Art being all-in-all, trying
to drown her heart, seeking Herr Teufelsdröckh's
"Baphometic Fire-Baptism," growing more and more
strong-minded each day, and more and more doing
Romney injustice, and straining the world to meet her
one-sided views of it: intoxicated morally, therefore,
both of them. But now, the enlightenment has been
brought about, they are sober once more, and they
congratulate each other that, when they come to en-
joy that "perfect noon," and walk the streets of that
bright city whose walls are crowned with amethyst,
they shall be clear-sighted and sober always. Hence
the special reference and pointed close of the poem,
not only—as the word implies—did the ancients
look upon the amethyst as a remedy against intoxica-
tion, but also, if we go down into the etymology of
it, and its use with the Greeks—no doubtless our
author has done—we shall find a peculiar and special
bearing attached to it that quadruples the pertinency
of the allusion.

"—I Adversus adversarios," says the original. Now
the word *adversarius* comes from *ad* and *versus*, and
means, in Homer and older writers—has for its
radix *versus*, used (but only in Homer and *Æchylus*)
as the word for wine. The direct use of this
word died out early, giving place to *adversus*, and
we can only trace its primary force in the Indo-
Germanic analogies, as in the Latin *metemum*, the
German *met*, the English *mead*, etc. Mr. Dring
in Homer (e. g. Od. xiv. 240), signifies "to be drunk
with wine." Afterwards, in the Attic and Doric
dialects (e. g. Plautus), it came to imply being
sunk in any liquid. But very soon the metaphorical
sense of the word became its only intelligible one, and
in this use it had great force in conveying the idea of
persons intoxicated and extravagant, warped and
turned astray by passion, prejudice, pride, etc.—very
much like the Latin word *inebriatus*, which later Latin-
ists, and especially the Fathers, employed pretty much
in the same sense that Catullus, in his "Atys," gives to
"Crito," he has *in ebrietas*; and in the "Replicat,"
μ. ἡ ἐβριότης. Anacreon gives us *ἐβριότης*; while
that materialist Theophrastus uses *ἐβριότης* as a perversion
of words that would have roused the indignation of
the entire School of Athens.

So in reading this line of "Aurora Leigh," we are
to understand that the heroine rejoices in the prospect
of the New Jerusalem because its crowning gift is sober
right reason. There, in that fair realm of splendor,
neither pride, nor prejudice, nor passion, have any
longer sway; there things are estimated at their
proper value, and assigned to their proper place: the
veils are swept away which prevent us dwellers amid
the cross vapors of earth from seeing clearly, and we
continue sober, we enjoy pure reason, and feast to
satiation upon all its blessed fruits—Jasper clear as
crystal, and amethyst, the especial physic for all in-
toxication! How beautiful and comprehensive the
passage appears, these lights once let in upon it! But
naturally, all who read the poets have not access to
such illuminations; and he who should prepare an en-
cyclopædia of poetical allusions, would confer an in-
estimable benefit upon all the vast multitude of "general
readers."

The story of "Inkle and Yarico"—which, by the
way, Alphonse Karr has "conveyed" into his "Les
Femmes," and which is given in the *Spectator* as a
proof of that famous crucial instance, the "Ephesian
Mastron." But the conjunction is not a just one, Mr.
Legion. For the simple reason that there is no analogy
between the cases. The crime of the widow of Ephesus
was only a levity so extravagant as to be palpably

incredible; still, in its worst aspect, 'twas not a crime
of capital bearing, since the husband was dead, and
could not concern himself about her actions, nor suffer
evil consequences from them. But in Inkle's case we
have a piece of ingratitude so monstrous, as hideous in
all its proportions, that we sicken at contemplation of
it, while at the same time we yearn to disbelieve, yet
cannot refuse implicit though repugnant credence to
its every particular. Thomas Inkle should certainly
have lent his name to provide the dictionary of crime
with a new word. Nothing shows depravity to so
great a degree as ingratitude,—and Thomas Inkle's in-
gratitude was deeper dyed, I think, than any instance,
ancient or modern, which is historically recorded and
accepted to be true. Yet Inkle would not have done
as he did had his friend and preserver been a man. I
know the fact; why it is I cannot say, but it is so.
Men who have the name and fame of being honest and
even honorable (after a fashion), will not scruple to
live and fatten themselves upon the earnings of a wo-
man, no matter how those earnings may have been
come by—of women who love them, and whom some-
times even they themselves have pretended to love!
What a problem human nature is, to be sure! and how
dark, hideous, and lonesome, are many of its cor-
ollaries!

I wonder if it will not come to pass, in the further
progress and eventual perfection of the Photographic
Art, that it will be used as a cheap substitute for
Printing, especially where only a small edition hap-
pens to be required? If this ever happens, our pub-
lishers will be enabled exactly to reproduce not only
an author's ideas and language, but also his very
hand-writing, the method he uses in composition, his
corrections, and even the modes out of which his crea-
tion has built itself up!

Glacierion's harp was a type of the true poetic
power:—
"He could harp a fish out of the water,
And water from a stone;
And milk out of a maiden's breast,
That bairn had never seen."

That is to say: He could, by the subtle power of
his music, move all things, making them rock in their
very foundations. Of course, this power of his, like
that of Orpheus, over inanimate things, is merely a
metaphorical assertion of his sway over the passions of
men. Like to this is the influence of great kings,
poets, orators, over the masses,—an influence exerted
by all who are endowed with what Goethe denominates
the *daemonic* (*der dämonische*). And so also we see some
influences act upon men individually,—influences such
as love, the personal presence of certain men, elo-
quence, music, and, now and then, scenery. Now,
first, what is, in the object, that daemonic power which
exerts such a grand, subversive, unnatural, terrible in-
fluence? And, second, what is in the subject (in man,
as man partly, but more especially as *individual*) that
causes him to come under the sway of, and to be so
susceptible to, these essentially abnormal influences?

Are we this riddle aright, and I will explain to you
the whole philosophy of the Beautiful, as well as pro-
vide a definition of Poetry that will suit the tastes of
every time and age, and agree with the idiosyncrasy
of each individual. "Les attractions sont proportion-
nées aux destinées," says Charles Fourier. It is at
all possible, from the analogies of this cosmic law;
to conceive a true and adequate measurement of the
so-called "daemonic presence." Shall we say: The
daemonic forces are determined by, and in proportion
to the intensity of the earnestness of the individual
extending such force—not the outward show of earnestness,
mind you, but the inward quality of it, and, of course,
its unalloyed purity?

Coleridge calls figures of speech "originally the off-
spring of passion, but now the adopted children of
power."
Abstraction is a drill-surgeon, who considers each
man simply so far forth as his soldierly qualities are
concerned, while Generalization is the Colonel, who
views these men as a mass agglomerate of soldierly
qualities—the ensemble called a regiment—which is to
him, when arranged, simply the instrument to a cer-
tain end; further generalizing, this regiment becomes
to the Commander-in-Chief merely an unit in his sum
—a screw or a section of the machine which he has put
together in order that it may bear him to his victory.

Homer is the one author who may be styled univer-
sal (in respect of diffusion, and hence is the only one
who can rightly be claimed as man's common inheri-
tance. The *Iliad* has been circulated far more widely,
and been read far more universally than the Bible
(I mean of course to refer to the nations and the ages;
the Bible has gone far deeper, and touched human na-
ture with a thousand-fold more force.) Wonderful in-
deed is the dissemination of the book. It is taught in
Ireland, in Canada, in Maine, in Texas, in Paraguay
in Chili, in Brazil, in Peru, in Mexico, in Oregon, at
the mouth of the Amazon, in Australia, in Calcutta, in
Turkey, and thence westward again—everywhere that
the Bible is taught, and ever since the Bible has been
published. Moreover, at this time, as of old, it reaches
places where the Bible does not go: Rome, and Athens,
and Petersburg, and perchance, Damascus. It has
been revered by Pericles, and lectured upon by As-
pasia, in Athens; it was taught in the trivia and quad-
rivia of Rome, long before Orontes mixed with Tiber;
it was expounded by Hypatia in Alexandria, read by
the desert hermit, and wept over by Synesius in
Syene, as it was by Lucan in Spain. And who does
not know that it was present when Kingly Porsus yield-
ed up his arms to the Macedonian man, that it inspired
the conqueror to drag Bessus at his chariot-wheels, and
was treasured under his pillow, when, asated with
riot and weary of conquest, he slept his uneasy sleep
on the purple cushions of Babylon? Wondrous Book!
We talk of Shakespeare; eastward, they point to the
Tables of Manu, boast of Zend Avesta, Mishna, and
those golden voices in Sanskrit, or quote to us from
the Three Books of Confucius; but none of these can
show a fame or a bead-roll of readers such as love the
old hand of Chis—the fountain-head of poetry—the
law-giver of the divine Art, where Achilles is better
known than David, where Agamemnon has wider life
than Moses, where Ulysses has touched us deeper than
Solomon, whose Paris points more morals than Aba-
lom! Well says the poet, noticing one single excel-
lence:

"Adieu Mæander: à qui res tu fante perennis,
Vasum Peris ore registor aquis."

Messrs. Rudd & Carleton are about to bring out
a poem by Mr. H. F. McDermott, sometime famous as
the "Original Tragic" of San Francisco, and author
of a poem called "Guth."

A request is made to all who may have been in-
timate with the late Rev. George Bush, by personal
acquaintance or by correspondence, to furnish such
items of intelligence, especially letters written by him,
as may be suitable or interesting to enter into his bio-
graphy, which is now being prepared. Those who have
such letters or items will confer a favor by directing
them to Otis Clapp, No. 3 Beacon Street, Boston.

Just opposite sits Moroto Okatoro, humanity beam-
ing from his eyes, and smoke pouring from his nostrils,
[CONCLUDED ON THE NEXT PAGE]

(From Once A Week

(Continued from the first page.)

the result of the internal fermentation practised by all who truly value Japanese tobacco. His rich brown expanded like folds of feminine raiment, and shone with a lustre surpassing even the brightest that French silk can show. Lifted a few inches from the floor, the cigarette floated in the air, half gaiter, half stocking, the robes of light blue crêpe float and swell like the thin smoke that surrounds them. In his belt repose always the short sword of dignity, which proves the wearer's noble rank. I find, however, that this weapon is not always inseparably connected with the idea of *hara-krak* (hara, the stomach; *krak*, to cut open), as has been supposed. The ordinary short sword is worn for use in cases of close fighting. The disarming knife, which is even less in length than the second sword usually worn, is in the possession of the higher officers, but not so generally displayed. It is distinguished by the absence of a guard upon the handle, showing that it is intended for private application and not public attack. The *hara-krak* sword gives its owner the right to vindicate his honor, if so called upon, by opening his bowels crosswise, and letting out his life in the least comfortable manner to be imagined. Servants, whose amount of honor is supposed to be inappreciable, cannot possess this sword, and are, moreover, forbidden the privilege of making away with themselves, which is a special prerogative of the nobility. Considering their eminent distinction, these weapons seem, to the unfamiliar mind, to be somewhat degraded by association with steel chopsticks and utilitarian knives, which are carried in side cavities of the same scabbard; but the Japanese do not see it in that light. Sometimes, instead of chopsticks, a peculiar weapon of steel, about six inches long, and sharpened at the end, is concealed in the scabbard. When used it is first laid flat upon the right hand, the point to the left, and then, turning through the air, turning in its course, so as to pierce the object at which it is aimed.

All around Morosita's rooms are javelins, helmets of bone, long swords, some hanging from elevations, some lying on chairs or floor, all in scabbards of most ingenious adornment. The swords themselves are of a steel superior to any other known, and the best of them can cut through a bolt of iron or an inferior sword without turning the edge. The handles are inlaid with precious stones, and bound around with silk cord. The scabbards are of thick silk, profusely covered with colored lacer, and sprinkled with gold-dust and mother-of-pearl.

From the open mouths of many boxes are gushing various robes of shining silk, fans, hats, sandals, handkerchiefs, confectionery, colored pipes, porcelain, pipes, lacquer-ware, and all that seems most strange to our eyes. The aspect of the room is wholly Japanese—the manners Japanese, and the language. Whatever betide, the sound of other accents must not intrude. Close by my side Takahara Jougoro, who reads aloud from an open fan passages of Oriental poetry, written, I think, by himself. His tones fall musically, for the Japanese is as soft and smooth as any language. Takahara too, has melody in his voice. He is a notable gentleman in the embassy. His rank is high already, but his youth—he is only twenty-six—prevents his present assumption of the eminence of station to which he will soon be entitled. His rank is even to that of the principal emissaries. He has talent, wealth, and good looks. The other day he invited a small boy into his room, and then he beckoned him with red silk trousers and sent him forth into the hotel parlor, an object of public ridicule. Last night he got, by some means, a paper garrote-collar, which, with infinite difficulty, he arranged about his own brown neck. American fashion, and paraded himself about, among his fellows, like a peacock with an entirely new feather in his tail.

Tommy confesses to a passionate adoration of the feminine charms he finds surrounding him. The American ladies seem to have got into his head. He has confided to me an earnest desire to discover a suitable wife in this country, with whom he may peacefully live forever, without a thought of returning to Japan. When fans are handed to him for his autograph, he writes upon them—"I like American lady very much." "I want to marry and live here with pretty lady" ("pretty" being an emendation of his own upon "pretty"). Moreover, the sentiments of Tommy appear to be reciprocated. He is a thorough pet. Bevis of maidens gaze beneficently upon him all day, and until late in the evening, and extend to him unreluctant hands. Matrons, too, proffer him attentions, but with keen discrimination. He is generally taken with a bit of business when the smiles that greet him are not smiles of youthful beauty. Whether Tommy will or will not be spoiled by the favors that descend upon him, is a question that seriously agitates his older and more experienced companions, who occasionally strive, without much effect, to subdue his tumultuous temper.

Tommy has already learned to sing and whistle—a great acquisition, since the Japanese are not a singing people, and have but few musical instruments. He has already mastered "Hail Columbia," and "Pop Goes the Weasel," which he persists in calling "Poppy Goes the Weasel," and thinks the extraneous rather a good thing. I regret to say he is extending his American acquaintances in a less praiseworthy direction, for he is getting to swear after a profane manner, and when over excited, mingles undue familiarity with his conversation in very inapplicable ways. But Tommy has no notion of impropriety connected with his oath; he looks upon them as emphatic expletives, which, having heard, he cannot do better than to cherish, and make use of.

A beautiful little girl, six or seven years old, was brought by Mayor Beret to see the Japanese. Tommy directly assumed a deep interest in her. He explained to her all sorts of things, and for once repressed his insatiable instincts. He kept calling all his companions to look at the pretty stranger, and when she was about going away, asked: "Is it permitted here to kiss a little girl so young as that?" adding that in Japan it was considered exactly the correct thing to do.

The entrance and exit of Tommy having interrupted the seriousness of Morosita Otakoro's apartment, tranquillity is given over. Morosita himself remains, in obedience to a summons from the princes. Inaba starts upon a course of English study. At present he is involved in a struggle with the letter "I," which finally terminates in his discomfiture. The Japanese cannot come to terms with "I." It resists, eludes them. They twist their faces in bad distortions, as if the feat were to be accomplished by the knitting of the two eye-brows into one, or by shifting the mouth into an inconceivable position under one ear. But still "I" is heard. I do not think that, even by accident, they ever hit it; and I observe they never become familiar with gentlemen who have "I" in their names, always referring to such with a species of distrust. This alone would appear to show the difference between them and the Chinese, with whom "I" is rather a favorite consonant, taking the place of one or two others, as we utter them. But the best evidence of the difference

between the races is in their opposite characters, of which just now an example appears. Tetsuo Tokuro, the interpreter, comes in and speaks about the interview between the American and Japanese physicians the other evening. "Your American doctors," he says, "have much science. Ours have none; we know it very well. But they will learn." Thus it is always. The Japanese are continually testifying to the superiority of what they find really worthy of respect or admiration here. There never was a Chinaman who failed to claim the origin and existence of everything good for his own country.

Now enters a singular old gentleman, whose real rank I find difficulty in ascertaining, but who appears to enjoy a great deal of impermissible freedom among the higher officers. His name is Gomi Yasuoyamook, and his province seems to be to make friends by immediate distribution of presents. He comes now with a sleeve and robe replete with trinkets—sacoo-pouches, candles, little cups, which he consigns, with ineffable smiles, to the few best among the American friends. For these, however, he is not unwilling to receive presents in return, and the gift of a handkerchief fills him with delight, which rises to rapture when the congenial accompaniment of a flask of perfume is offered. The sight of the handkerchief arouses Inaba's quickness, and he proceeds to unwrap a pair of Japanese stockings, which he balances in his hand doubtfully, as if to excite alternate hopes and disappointments. But when a pair of American stockings is laid upon his knee, irresolution vanishes, and he makes over the bit of property with promptness. In like manner many other little exchanges are effected, all very satisfying to both sides.

A gentleman whom all the Japanese regard with respect—Lieutenant Brooke, who brought the Candimurrah over to California—is seen walking through the corridor. He is at once invited in, but on learning that the nearest member of his family is Jiro, the Japanese became silent, and Tokahara Jougoro, advancing, places in Lieutenant Brooke's hand a little carved turtle, which he knows the American officer understands to be the Japanese symbol of longevity.

Passing from the apartment of Otakoro, I loiter a while in the little room of Yodogoro, Sijiro, and Sojoro, three exceedingly merry men, who laugh all the time, and are always desirous of investing themselves with articles of American clothing, out of pure relish for the droll low-comedy appearance it gives them. It is painful to learn that the offices of these gentlemen are not such as can command a great respect. They are, to put it very mildly, among the scriveners of the Embassy. In an adjacent chamber sits the Embassy's secretary, an man of studious mien and intense habits of application to ink and brush. They sit now at their tables, with many sheets of carefully ciphered inscription beside and around them. Some wear spectacles with great round glasses, held on by short, stiff steel wires, which press against the sides of the head. They pause only to give welcome to those who enter, and then pursue their tasks. With them, writing is a severe labor; for they eschew the simple Katakana, and adopt always the *Eme*, or complicated Chinese character. They hold their brushes straight upright, and point each line with cautious delicacy. An hour scarcely suffices them to fill half a dozen small pages. At length one finishes his day's duty, and turns, not to recreation, but to his English dictionaries, settling him for some hours' work upon our language. He has procured a number of little English books, among which I notice a "Manual of Etiquette," the last species of literature necessary for Japanese perusal.

(From the London Athenaeum.)

SALE OF BOOKS.

The Mitford sale has gone off with éclat, under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The library, generally speaking, was of peculiar interest, from the circumstance of the books being enriched with MS. memoranda and other enhancing illustrations, being evidence of the great research and industry of the late proprietor. The following may be cited among the more rare and curious articles:—Beckford's Epitaphs, privately printed, and presentation copy from the author to Samuel Rogers, 215 lvs.—Banello, The Part de le Novelle, 3 vols., original edition, Count Borromeo's copy, 226 lvs.—Br. (For.), The Tragedie of Alcibiades and Elia, extremely rare, 472a. 6d.—Brathwaite's Strappado for the Duell, good copy, with the autograph of Camden, 24 s.—Brathwaite's Shepherds Tales, the rarest of all Brathwaite's pieces, 49 s.—Brathwaite's Spiritual Spierie, 47 lvs.—Sir E. Rydger's British Bibliography, 4 vols., 24 s.—Boland's 80-entire Canzone, edited by Panini, only fifty copies privately printed, 25 lvs.—Brand's Stulticia Navia, black letter, 152 lvs.—Byrd's Palms, etc., very rare, 55 s.—Churchyard's Worthines of Wales, the rarest, and one of the most important of the productions of the poet, black letter, 118 s.—Churchyard's Challenge, black letter, only 8 or 4 other copies known, 47.—Collier's Catalogue, Bibliographical and Critical, privately printed, 48.—Daniel's Civil Wars, the first complete edition of this interesting historical poem, 24 lvs.—Davies's Scourge of Folly, very rare, 28.—Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron, fine copy, 29.—Drayton's Works, with plate of monument, scarce, 25 lvs.—Dekker's Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, etc., the first London edition, 56 lvs.—Dingy's Polyolbion, 25 lvs.—Evelyn's Miscellaneous Works, an interesting collection of original and other editions, in all 18 vols., 211.—The whole Works of George Gascoigne, Esquire, black letter, 210.—Greene's Scottish History of James the Fourth, first edition, 46 lvs.—Greene's Upland Courtier, 26 lvs.—Homer's Iliad, 24 Books, done according to the direction, by G. Chapman, Pope's copy, 212 s.—London and its Environs described, Gray the Poet's copy, copiously interspersed with MS. notes by him, 15 s.—Longus, Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé, a unique specimen of binding by Monnier, 112 lvs.—Lorris, Le Roman de la Rose, scarce, 66 s.—Knight's account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus, very rare, 28.—Milton's Poems, with English and Latin, first edition, 25 lvs.—Milton's Paradise Lost, second issue of the first edition, 46 lvs.—Mirror for Magistrates, bound by C. Lewis, 24 s.—Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, 17 vols., 214 lvs.—Peasam's Mirra Britanna, rare, 24 lvs.—The Palms of David in Meter, etc., by M. Z. Boyd, scarce edition, 110 lvs.—Retrospective Review, 14 vols., 25 s.—Shakespeare's Poems, bearing date 1640, with brilliant impression of the Portrait by Marshall, 214 lvs.—Shakespeare's Plays, with notes by Dr. Johnson and G. Steevens, 22 vols., 211 s.—Shelley's Revolt of Islam, with a leaf inserted bearing the autograph of F. B. Shelley, 210.—Shelton's Poems upon various occasions, extremely rare, 24 s.—Sheridan's Discovery, a Comedy, Isaac Reed's copy, with his autograph, 24 lvs.—Taylor's (Water Poet), Memorial of Monarchs, Farewell to the Tower Bottle, etc., all first editions, 22.—Thomson's Works, the author's copy of the first volume, with corrections and alterations of the text, not only in his autograph, but also in that of Alexander Pope, a volume of the greatest interest, 44 s.—Spenser's Faerie Queene, F. G. Waldron's copy, 216 s.—Wickliffe's Wicket, black letter, 44 lvs.—Willoughby's Avisa, a very scarce poem, 25 s.—Whitney's Choice of Emblems, few leaves missing, 25 s.—Yarrington's Two Lamentable Tragedies, title missing, rare, 25 s.—Wither's Emblems, frontispiece by Marshall, fine copy, 25 s.—The total amount of the twelve days being 22,000 s.

—Mr. Shibley, the Librarian of Harvard University, is engaged in collecting materials for a work upon the history of Wood's Athenaeum, which shall contain the lives of all the graduates of Harvard University. Mr. Shibley is well fitted to prepare a work which will equal, if not surpass, the "Athenae Oxoniensis" in value; and the early days of Harvard, while laboring under the domination of the Puritan clergy, is the most interesting theme for the display of that invaluable quality.

(From the Albion, May 28, 1880.)

Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge have published a third edition of *Leaves of Grass*, in which we recommend our readers to endeavor to find the following passages:

1. I glorify myself.
I am considerable of a man. I am some. You also are some. We all are considerable, all are some.
Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our particles by rubbing us all up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.
No more than some, but no less.
Particularly some, some particularly, some in general, generally some, but always some without mitigation. Distinctly, some.
O ensemble! O quelque-chose!

2. Some punkins, perhaps.
But perhaps squash, long-necked squash, crooked-necked squash, cucumber, bean, parsnip, carrot, turnip, white turnip, yellow turnip, or any sort of name, long name, or short name.
O potatoes. Men, Irish potatoes: women, sweet potatoes.

3. Yes, Women.
I luxuriate in Women.
They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head; they speak to me, and I yell with delight; they touch me, and the flesh crawls off my bones.
Women lay to wait for me, they do. Yes, Sir. They rush upon me, seven women laying hold of one man; and the divine efflux that thrilled all living things before the nuptials of the sacred overflows, surrounds, and interpenetrates their souls, and they say, "Wait, why don't you come and see us? You know we'd be happy to have you."
O mes sœurs!

4. Of beauty.
Of excellence, of purity, of honesty, of truth.
Of the beauty of flat-nosed, pock-marked, pitted Congo niggers!
Of the purity of madness, the sweetness of feculence, the fragrance of pig-sties, and the ineffable sweet perfume of Cow Bay in the Summer!

5. Of the chastity of courtesans, the honesty and general incorruptibility of aldermen, of common-concupiscence, of sub-treasurers, of postmasters, of post office clerks, of Members of the House of Representatives, and of Government officials generally, and lobby members in particular.
Of the truth of theatrical advertisements, of a prima donna's speech on her benefit night, of your salutation when you say "I am glad to see you, Sir," of the Cherry Parrot Certificate, of the Olive Tar correspondence, of the recorded virtues of Scheidechnapapa.

6. I glorify schnapps. I celebrate gin.
I am a reveler and wallow. I shall liquor. Ein lager!
I swear there is no nectar like lager. I swim in it, I float upon it, it beaves me up to heaven. It beaves me beyond the stars, I tread upon the air, I sail upon the ether. I spread my self abroad, I stand self-poised in limitless space. I look down, I see you, I am no better than you, you also shall mount with me.
Zwei lager!
Encore!

7. Once I knew a man.
Not that man.
But another man.
A man I once knew. He was great, 'was glorious, 'nerv' washed his hair, 'n' combed his face, 'mean combed face 'n' washed hair; had lean 'n' dirty 'n' big face, 'n' freckled, 'cause did 'n' wear hat, 'n' coat, 'n' shoes, but went bare-headed 'n' bare-footed, 'n' shirt 'n' pants like free 'n' in-in-in-in 'n' citizen 'n' these 'n'ited States.
Swear he was glorious.

1003. O my soul!
O my soul, which is no better than my soul, and no worse, but just the same!
O my soul, in general! Look! Proceed through space with a hole in your trousers!
O pendent shirt-dap! O dingly, unwashed, fluttering linen!
O tattered flag of freedom! not national freedom, nor any of that sort of infernal nonsense, but individual freedom, freedom to do just as you d—n please!

1004. By golly, there is nothing in this world so unutterably magnificent as the inexplicable comprehensibility of inexplicables.

1006. Of mud.

1006. O triangles, O hypothenuses, O centres, circumferences, diameters, radiuses, arcs, sines, cosines, tangents, parallelograms and parallelograms.
Gentlemen's Paraphrasing Goods,
Under-garments and Hosiery, of every size and quality, made to order.

1247. These things are not in Webster's Dictionary—Unabridged, Pictorial.
Nor yet in Worcester's, and wait and get the best. Neither in the New York Directory; for that is full of blunders. I know it, although it has not yet been printed.
You also know it: for has not the name collector read your soul, and your pal, and your daughter's? and the plump-armed girls in the kitchen?

And what came of his vexing but spelling of your name wrong and saying, in West Thirty Third Street, when you lived in West Thirty Third Street!

1248. These things have come up out of the ages.
Out of the ground that you crush with your boot-heel.
Out of the mud that you have shovelled away into the compost.
Out of the offal that the slow, lumbering cart, blood-dabbled and grease-dropping, bears away from the slaughter-house, a white-armed boy sitting on top of it, shouting Hail and flogging the horse on the raw with the bridle.

That mud has been many philosophers; that offal was what was called *Manure* by Monnier, 112 lvs.—Lorris, Le Roman de la Rose, scarce, 66 s.—Knight's account of the Remains of the Worship of Priapus, very rare, 28.—Milton's Poems, with English and Latin, first edition, 25 lvs.—Milton's Paradise Lost, second issue of the first edition, 46 lvs.—Mirror for Magistrates, bound by C. Lewis, 24 s.—Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, 17 vols., 214 lvs.—Peasam's Mirra Britanna, rare, 24 lvs.—The Palms of David in Meter, etc., by M. Z. Boyd, scarce edition, 110 lvs.—Retrospective Review, 14 vols., 25 s.—Shakespeare's Poems, bearing date 1640, with brilliant impression of the Portrait by Marshall, 214 lvs.—Shakespeare's Plays, with notes by Dr. Johnson and G. Steevens, 22 vols., 211 s.—Shelley's Revolt of Islam, with a leaf inserted bearing the autograph of F. B. Shelley, 210.—Shelton's Poems upon various occasions, extremely rare, 24 s.—Sheridan's Discovery, a Comedy, Isaac Reed's copy, with his autograph, 24 lvs.—Taylor's (Water Poet), Memorial of Monarchs, Farewell to the Tower Bottle, etc., all first editions, 22.—Thomson's Works, the author's copy of the first volume, with corrections and alterations of the text, not only in his autograph, but also in that of Alexander Pope, a volume of the greatest interest, 44 s.—Spenser's Faerie Queene, F. G. Waldron's copy, 216 s.—Wickliffe's Wicket, black letter, 44 lvs.—Willoughby's Avisa, a very scarce poem, 25 s.—Whitney's Choice of Emblems, few leaves missing, 25 s.—Yarrington's Two Lamentable Tragedies, title missing, rare, 25 s.—Wither's Emblems, frontispiece by Marshall, fine copy, 25 s.—The total amount of the twelve days being 22,000 s.

1249. I tell you the truth. Salut!
I am not to be bluff'd off. No, Sir.
I am large, hairy, obese, sprawling, big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.
Also instructive in my propensities, given to contemplation, and able to lift anything that is not too heavy.
Listen to me, and I will do you good.
Loose with me, and I will do you better.
And if any man dares to me of him, I shall be after him with a particularly sharp stick.
Vale!

The above was written, and almost all in type, before we were aware that any similar notice had been taken of the book to which it refers; for until within a day or two, our knowledge of Walt Whitman was limited to what we had heard in casual conversation. But our attention is just now called to a little pamphlet-collection of notices of the previous editions of "Leaves of Grass," and by that we find that we have been forestalled in two instances. Had we known this we should have written otherwise; but as it is, we let our quill go. We admit that although there is no name in Mr. Whitman's book, there is some poetry—a little—of an exquisite and peculiar cast, which seeks the surface of a very copious and strong expression of sympathy with and close observation of external nature. But the letter is not essentially poetry, even when written by a poet of transcendent powers. Witness the description of the horse in the *Whitman's "Voyage and Adieu,"* which is an enumeration of points better suited to Tattersall's books than to a work of fancy and imagination. As to these "Leaves of Grass," some of them are covered with words that have no more meaning, coherency, or perceptible purpose than the columns in a spelling-book; while the indelicacy—an indelicacy not born of prudence, but of the shape

late refusal to recognise such a distinction as decent and indecent—is monstrous beyond precedent, and were it not before our eyes, beyond belief. Yet for the one-tenth that we have excepted we shall keep the book, and read it, not without a strange interest in the man who could draw such a slender thread of truth and purity through such a confused mass of folly, feculence, and falsehood.
Messrs. Thayer & Eldridge have printed the book in very handsome style.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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